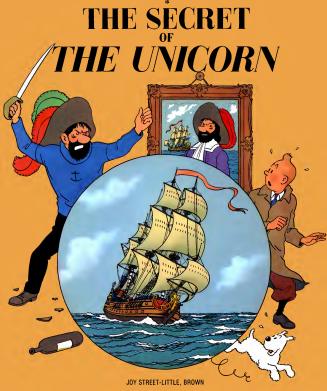
HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN



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THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN





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THE SECRET THE UNICORN



NEWS IN BRIEF

An alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A wellorganised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.











What are you doing here? Looking for bargains? Sh!...Highly confidential!... Special operation: pickpockets.







See? You've always got to haggle a bit, here





But that's absurd!...You must have left it at home. or perhaps you've lost it?



Here, you hold these sticks. I'll



Just the sort of thing that would nappen to you!... To go and let someone pinch your wallet!



?



Here, let me pay for them.

Thanks wery much,

Time we'll pay
you back tomorrow.





















































It really is superb.





Forgive me if I am too insistent. But as I explained, I'm a collector - a collector of model ships. And I would be so very grateful if you would agree to sell me your ship.



Exactly! Now I have other ships just as good as yours, and we could exchange them so that your friend . . .



Very well. But think it over. I'll give you my card, so that if you change your mind











































But just take a closer look at that ship in the background...







Exactly!... It's the same ship!... It's identical!... Don't you think that's remarkable?

There's a name here. Look there, in tiny letters : UNICORN

So there is: UNICORN.
1'd never noticed it.





If mine has the same name, that'll really be funny...



Great snakes!... It's gone!



Hello?...Yes...Ah, it's you...Well, has your ship got the same name?... What did you say ?... It's been stolen ?



Yes, stolen!... Do I suspect anybody? No one at all ... at least ... Look Captain, I'll ring you



Yes ... he's the only pos-sibility...













Something tells me he's going to get a surprise when he opens the door !









You've come to tell me that you'll sell your ship after



Not?... Then I don't understand...







This wasn't the ship!...
Not this one!... Yours
was, in fact, exactly the
same, but it wasn't this
one!



Well, sir, we can soon tell.
Just after you'd gone, my
ship fell over and the mainmast was broken. I put
it back, but you can see
where it broke. So we'll
look at your mainmast,
if you don't mind!





I can understand your surprise. I myself was amazed to find an exact replica of my own vessel in the Old Street Market. And because it seemed so odd, I did all I could to persuade you







It's extremely odd!
Two ships exactly
like the one in the
Captain's picture...
and with the same
mame:







It really is unbelievable how long people can chatter on the telephone! More than a quarter of an hour! Ah, at last!

















This one is completely ruined!... The vandals!







What have they taken this time?



Very queer thieves: they haven't taken a thing .



They've only searched the place ... I wonder what they









Er... nothing really ... just a little spot of bother, in the Old Street (Fr. use a slight min



Did you get your wallet back all right?



I'm afraid not. But I bought a new one this morning, and ... and ...



Goodness gracious! I've been robbed again!



Great Scotland Yard!... That man we met last night on the stairs, on our way here!... I remember now: he bumped into me!...



Quite tall... coarse features ... black hair... small black moustache... blue suit... brown hat...



But he couldn't have stolen your wallet last night, when you only bought it this morning.



Miserable thieves! A brand new wallet! Come along, Thomson, we must report this right away!



He's right! ... We must report









Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck!... There seems



Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out...





A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...





Why, it's not a cigarette... it's a little scroll of parchment . . .

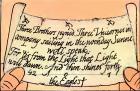
But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from ? . . . Let's have a closer look at













Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



And that explains comething else!
... Whoever stole my ship knew that
the parchiment was hidden there.
When he discovered the scroll had
gone, he thought I must have found
It. That's why the thief came back
and searched my flat, never guessing the parchiment was under
the chest.



But why was he so anxious to get hold of it? If only it made some sense... then at least...



I wonder...
But... of course!
... That must
be it! There's
no other answer



















III? He might be... His light's been on all night...



























































It is the year 1676. The UNICORN, a valiant ship of King Charles II's fleet, has left Barbados in the West Indies, and set sail for home. She carries a cargo of... well, anyway, there's a good deal of rum aboard...





Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack Sudden ly there's a hail aloft...



Thundering typhoons!.. She's mighty close-hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across



And she's making a spanking pace! Oho! she's running up her colours.. Now we'll see...











Turning on to the wind with all sails set, risking her masts, the UNICORN tries to outsail the dreaded Barbary buccaneers...







They must outwit the pirates. The Captain makes a daring plan. He'll wear ship. Then pay off on the port tack. As the UNICORN comes abreast of the pirate he'll loose off a broad side... No sooner said than done!...



Ready about!... Let go braces!... Beat gunners to quarters!





The UNICORN has gybed completely round. Taken by surprise, the pirates have no time to alter course. The royal ship bears down upon them... Steady...











Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



The red pennant!... No quarter given!... A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats





Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns . . . She draws closer...



Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop...whoosh, like that!



Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action . . .





















Stand back! Out of my way! Can't you see the pirates swarming over the side!































The pirates were masters of the ship. They had

Sir Francis?... When he came round he found himself securely lashed to his own mast. He suffered terribly...









He looked about him. The deck was scrubbed, and no trace remained of the fearful combat that had taken place there. The pirates passed to and fro, each with a different load...



But there's a man approaching. He wears a crimson cloak, embroidered with a skull: he's the pirate chief! He comes mear-his breath reeks of rum- and he says:





Doesn't my name freeze your blood, eh? Right. Listen to me. You have killed Diego the Dreaffall, my trusty mate. More than half my crew are dead or wounded. My ship is foundering, danaged by your first attack, then hold below the waterline as we boarded



...when some of your dastardly gunners fired at point blank range. She's sinking ... so my men are transferring to this ship the booty we captured from a Spaniard three days ago.









No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that flock of lambs know just how to ter a lingerina death!







Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove ...





Darkness fell: the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk.









Hey, what's the idea?... I only wanted to You don't have to. show you. quite under stand.









That's funny! Now there are two alasses!



In the meantime Sir Francis strug-gled desperately to free himself...



Just you wait, my lamb-kins! Ration my rum if Sir Francis Haddock doesn't soon give you something to remember



Done it! That's one hand free!



Free! Now I'm





No, on a bottle of rum, rolling on the deck!... He opened it. put it to his lips, and ...



And then he stops. "This is no time for drinking," he says, "I need all my wits about me." With that, he puts down the bottle ...



Yes, he puts down the bottle... and seizes a cutlass. Then, looking towards the fo'c'sle where the drunken roistering still goes on ...



You sing and carouse, little lambs!... ['m off to the magazine!



You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...





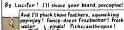


Now I must make haste! There's just time for me to leave the ship before

























































He made friends with the natives on the Island, and lived among them for two years. Then he was picked up by a ship which carried him back home. There his journal ends. But now comes the strangest thing in the whole story.



On the last page of the manuscript there is a corr of Will in which he bequeaths to each of his three some a model -built and rigged by himself - a model of the very ship he once blew or per than leave her to the pirates. There's one funny detail: he tells his soms to wove the manimate slightly are necessarily in the reach model.

Thus, " he considered the reach model."



That's it Captain!... Red Rackham's treasure will be ours!



How should I know? He must have been a very particular man, and wanted the ships to be perfect!

In that case, he would have moved the masts himself. Why did he tell his sons to do it Because if his sons had obeyed him, they would have found a tiny scroll of parchment inside each mast!

What's that? How do vou know?

Because I myself found the parchment hidden in the



My wallet ! ... Someone's

mainmast on each

of the three ships?



Stolen it? You've probably left it at home.

No, it's been stolen. It was taken in the bus, on my way here. I remem ber being jostled ..



What was on the parchment?

Wait...er... yes: Three brothers joyned - that's the three sons. Three Vnicorns in company sailing in the noonday Sunne will speak - that means we must get the three ships to deliver their secret: the three parcheasy ...

For tis from light that light will dawn. And then shines forth .. and then some numbers, and at the end, a little cross follows the words the Engles ... that's all.



I don't know yet, but I'm sure that if we can collect the three scrolls together, then we shall find Red Rackham's diamonds. I already know where the second one is. Come on, Captain!



You know where the second scroll is?





























































Stop laughing in that stupid way! Try to concentrate on the case .



Can you describe the man who came to offer you those engravinas?



He was rather fat, Black hair. and a little black moustache. He wore a blue suit, and a brown



What man in the Old Street Market? A man who tried to buy the

ship I found in the Old Street Market. You know him too: he's the one you met on the stairs on your way to see ns last night. You suspec-ted him of stealing your wallet ...

By the way, do you know mine has been stolen too ?...

No! It's extraordinary how many people let their wallets be stolen! It's so easy not to... Here, you try and take mine ...







Childishly simple, in fact. But now we must leave you to your investigations. Goodbye ...



If things go on like this, Red Rackham's treasure will disappear from under Yes I'm afraid



Look, someone seems to be waiting for us outside my door ...



The man from the Mr. Tintin?.. Old Street Marke et!























Next morning ...

SHOOTING DRAMA

AN unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No. 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.



Hello, Captain! Come in ... I'm just telephoning the hospital for news of the wounded



Hello?... Is that the House-Surgeon? This is Tintin... Good-morning, Doctor, How's our injured man? Just the same? Still unconscious?...

Is there any hope? A little ... yes ... Thank you . Goodbye .



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead.

Yes, the papers were told he'd died. The crooks will believe he didn't give them away, so they won't be on their quard, and they'll get caught one day.

Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...

So do I, Captain. It's all very mysterious. "To be precise: very mys-terious", as the Thomsons would say

Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home



Here comes our bus at last!



My wallet! ... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!































To see the Thomsons: they've found my wallet!









Here's the parchment from the UNICORN's mast. Look, Captain ...



Tell me: how did you manage to catch the thief?



Yes, it's certainly a morning-coat. How odd for a pickpocket to wear a thing like this.



The trouble is that the coat doesn't give us any clue about its owners identity...



Look at these stitches; they make up a number. That means the coat has been to the cleaners recently.





So... to find the thief's name and address, we've only got to trace the cleaners who use this mark. Quick, we'll make a list of cleaners from the telephone directory, and start hunting for the























































Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming: someone spoke!



Yes, someone spoke!



Who... who are you?... And where are you?



Who am I? Iam the ghost of the captain



Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! ... That frightened you, didn't it?... Come over to the door ... Come on .



Come nearer. Good ... Now.



Who are you, and what do you want with me?



I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole



Come on now. let's be sensible! I'd collected two of the three scrolls: you took them from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found... in your wallet. Where are the other two?



As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues... I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of But I tell man I am!





Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?













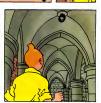




















First I'll knot these sheets and blankets together...



Then tie them securely to this beam...



























Now ['Il tie a small stone to the end of this string, like this ...















































So, my friend, you thought you'd be smart and hide in a suit of armour. Well, you're caught: come on out!



You won't! That's too bad for you! I'll count up to three and then I fire. One... two...









Yes, it's nothing. A bullet ricocheted off the armour and struck that gong over there. Comeon, don't let's waste time...



When! What luck! ... They've gone past. I'll just









Stupid! That's not Tintin: it's acuckoo clock striking. Come, let's get on with it.

























































Now I see what he meantthe man who was shotpointing to the birds. He was giving us the name of his attackers! ... Just look at this





Quick, let's ring up the Captain ...

Hello... yes... it's me... yes... Who's speaking? What? Tintin!... 1... Where are you? Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... Are you there?...



What am I doing here?...I... er... I'm Mr. Bird's new secretary. Didn't you know that?...



I... no, I hadn't heard Please excuse me, sir.





Hella, Nestor!... A young ruffian's broken into the house! Stop him telephoning his accomplices! We're coming at once. Don't let him get away, whatever you do



Hello, Captain! I'm at Martinprise Hall. Spring the police! Prop that Eelephone. What! Mark! Mark!





What!... Martin's bike?... Hello?... Hello!... Thundering typhoons! What's going on!















What?... What sort of





















































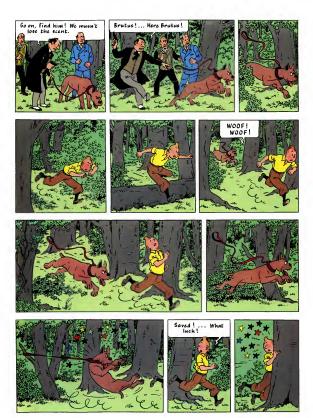
























































Where are they going?
... Oh, I see: that
little wretch is taking
care to put Brutus
back in his kennel.





They're coming back this way: they'll pass under the ground-floor windows. Perhaps there's some way...



















You, walk in front! I don't have to tell you - one false move and I'll shoot you like a dog!





























Let me go!... I keep telling you-it's all a mistake: I'm not the one to arrest...



Ah, here come Thomson and Thompson... Hello.

It's this little ruffian, this little wretch who broke into the houseand terrorized my masters; he's a real gangster, Mr. Detective...

It's true, Nestor acted in good faith. I heard his master say I was a criminal. Nestor believed it.







Then your masters are the criminals, Look what's left of my bottle of the criminals of the















Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!









... where they still had the little birds-man. After hovering between life and death, he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird hothers, antique dealers of Manilinspike Hall, It was only when I heard that name...













He's the most

















Very well: I'd better tell you everything. When we bought this house, two years ago, we found a little model snip in the attic. in very poor condition...



Yes, and when we were trying to restone the model we came across the parchment: it is message intrigued us. My brother Max soon decided it referred to a treasure. But it spoke of three unicorns; so the first thing was to find the other two... You know we are antique.



... We used allour contacts: the people who comb the markets for interesting antiques; the people who hunt through actics; we told them to find the two ships. After some weeks one of our spies, a man called Barnaby, came and said he'd seen a similar ship in the Old Street Market. Unfortunately, this

ship had just been sold to a young man; Barnaby tried in vain to buy it from him. Yes, we know the rest. It was Barmaby whom you ordered to steal my UNICORN. But because the parchment wasn't there, he came back and ransacked the place-again unsuccessfully.

And then?

Then? Oh well, I'd better tell you the



Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.



That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum . Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our mea ness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet: supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him; our fears were justified. We saw kim speaking...

. to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.



We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days

after the shooting.

I see . But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder ... Perhaps it was ...





















Captain, as soon as we return we'll see Mr. Sakharine. I'm sure he took the two scrolls



One! Great snakes! we haven't even got that! The Bird brothers took it! But we can get it back!





Give it back ? ... That's im-possible... Max has it in



Ring up the police-station at once, give them a description of Max Bird, and his car number-LX 188. Then we'll go straight back



Next morning ... Now For Mr. Sakharine...



Mr. Sakharine? He's gone away, young man. He won't be back for a fortnight



He would be away! That doesn't make things any easier!



In the meantime I'll go and see the Thomsons. Perhaps they'll be able to tell me



Good morning. Are you going out?... I just came to ask you ...



Where are we going?



... and a few minutes later.











I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Silk, but could you explain the meaning of all this?...





I... or yes... Well I... you see. I'm not a thief : certainly not! But I'm a bit of ... kleptomariac. It's comething stronger than I am: I adore wallets. So I... I... just Find one from time to time. I put a label on it, with the owner's mane



I venture to say, gentlemen, that this is a unique collection of its kind. And when I tell you that it only took me three mouths to assemble you'll agree that it's a remarkable achievement



I wonder if by some extraordinary coincidence...













Look under T?









It looks as if ...



Thompson... Thomson... Thompson ...Thomson...Thompson...Thomson ...Thomson...Thompson...Thompson.





RRRING

What? you've arres-ted him?...

Hello ?... Yes, it's me

... Good morning ...

and the property ANYMER I

the country

Not exactly, but thanks to the clues we gave, they managed to catch him trying to leave



Yes, he had it. We're bringing it along to you. But first we've got a little account to settle with this troublesome antique dealer...

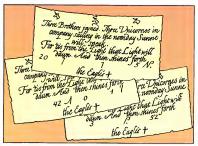


Here, Thompson, hold my stick while I just deal with this









No! No! and No! You can go on hunting if you want to, but on natural 1 you want to, but I've had enough: I give up. Blistering barnacles to that pirate Red Rackham, and his treasure! I'd sooner do with-out it: I'm not racking my brains any more trying to make sense out of that gib. berish! Thundering typhoons! What a thirst it's given me!





The message is right when it says that it is "from the light that light will dawn!" Look, I put them together ...



... and hold them, "sailing in com pany," in front of the light. Look now! See what comes through!...

Thundering typhoons! The numbers and letters are completed, and it









Now, Captain... When do we leave on our treasure hunt?



Let's see... first we need a ship... We can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler belonging to my friend, Captain Chester... Then we need a crew, some diving suits and all the right equipment for this sort of expedition... That will take us a little time to arrange. We'd bet-ter say a month, Yes, in a month we could be ready to leave



But of course it won't be easy, and we shall certainly have plenty of adventures on our treasure hunt... You can read about them in









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by HERGÉ













































